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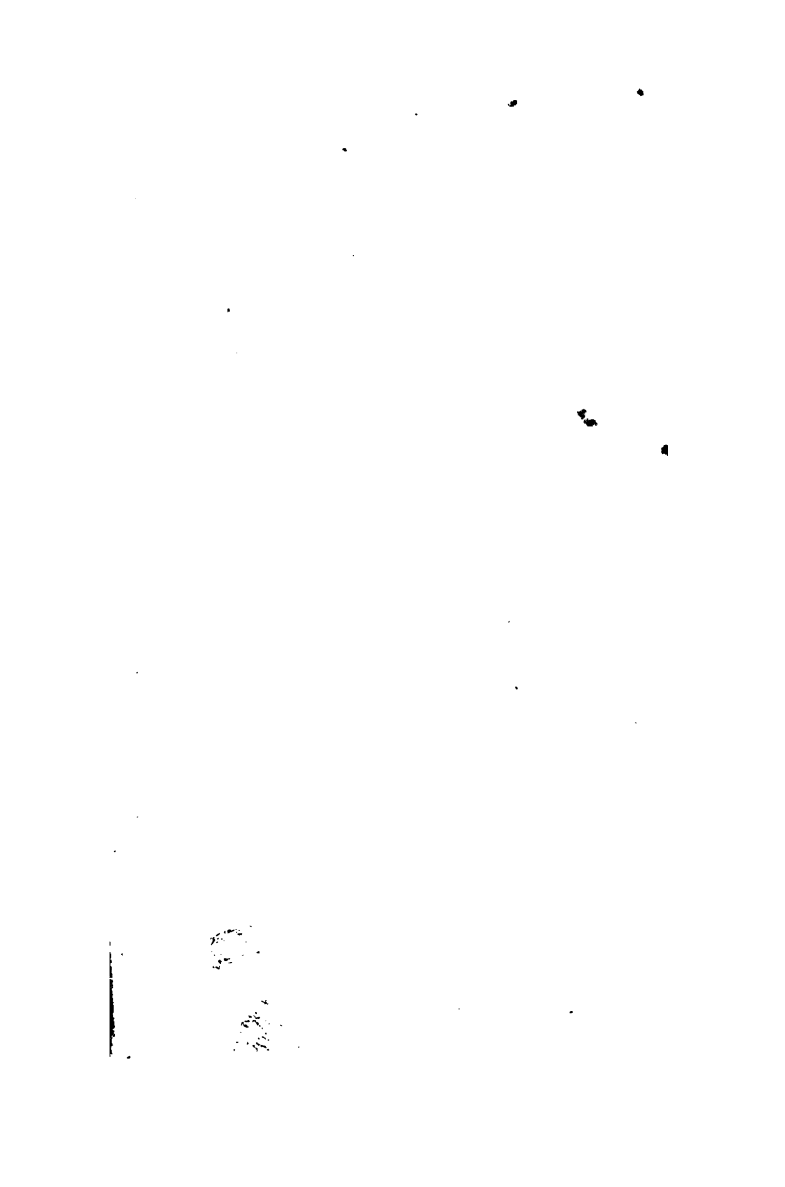
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HISTORY
OF
THE LATE WAR,
FOR CHILDREN.

14

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HISTORY
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THE LATE WAR;

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SKETCHES
OF
BUONAPARTE, NELSON, AND WELLINGTON.

FOR CHILDREN.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1832.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little narrative, which was first printed in an Annual called the Christmas Box for 1828, is now republished in a separate form, in the hope that it may be considered as not an unsuitable sequel to the well-known "Stories selected from the History of England."

Christmas, 1832.

I. G. L.

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1. *Chlorophyll *a** and *Chlorophyll *b** were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

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HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR.



INTRODUCTION.

Dover Castle.

THERE is about seventy miles from London a very pretty town, called Dover, which is built close to the sea; and beside it there are very high white

rocks, against which the waves of the sea beat and dash; and upon the highest of these rocks there is a very grand old Castle, which they call the Castle of Dover. And if ever you go to Dover, you must take a walk upon the battlements of the Castle, and you will see there a great number of cannons, all ranged in order, and beside every cannon a heap of large iron balls piled up, ready to be put into the guns, and shot from them against any strange ship that may come from foreign countries to make war upon England. In former times many such ships have come near Dover, but none of them were ever able to cast anchor and land their soldiers in this country. They were always torn in pieces by the guns of the Castle, and blown up in the air, or sunk with all their crews to the bottom

of the sea, before they had time to do so. But now there is peace all over the world; and no ships come to England, except to bring peaceful travellers and goods, so that there is no occasion to load the great guns of Dover Castle. In case, however, things should change, and some new war break out, the Castle is kept in good repair, and a regiment of soldiers in it, and the guns and balls ready, exactly as they used to be in the times of war.

The last war we had was with the French, a nation with whom we have had many long and bloody wars in former ages; but this war ~~was~~ the longest and the bloodiest of all that we ever had, either with them, or with any other foreign nation. When you are in Dover Castle, if it be a fine day, and the sky clear, they will show you France,

about twenty miles off, over the sea ; but if the weather be bad, you will not be able to see any thing of it. It is a very large and fine country, much larger than ours, and having many more people in it ; but yet England has commonly had the better in wars with France. Our armies have beaten theirs in many great battles by land ; and by sea we have been even more fortunate—for our king's ships are the best in the world ; and there are no seamen in any other country so skilful in the management of ships, or so well acquainted with the art of fighting at sea, as the officers and men of the English navy.

The last war began when I was a very little boy, even younger than you are now ; but I can tell you how it began, for I have both heard many

people older than myself speak about it, and read the history of it in books, which by and by you shall read also for yourself.

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or shot without mercy. So that the terror of the king's name commonly made the people quiet, and there was no interrupt them in doing what happened to be their pleasure.

They lived in grand palaces, with scarcely any body about them except bad men and bad women, who flattered them, and helped them in oppressing the people, for the sake of sharing in the money which was unjustly taken from the poor and the industrious.

The last of these wicked kings, however, died several years before the war broke out; and his grandson, who came to the throne after his death, was a good man, who hated cruelty, and tried to get rid of the bad men and women that had lived for so many ages in his palace. He did all that he could to make the people comfortable

and happy ; and so did his wife, who was a very beautiful young lady, the daughter of the Emperor of Germany. And at first the people appeared to be very grateful to their young king and queen ; and every one thought that France was now to be a happy and peaceful country, and that KING LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH (for that was the good king's name) and MARY ANTOINETTE, his queen, were to enjoy a prosperous reign, and, when they grew old and died, would be much lamented by their people.

But there were many wicked persons in France, who took no pleasure in seeing the good that the king did, and the happiness of his subjects. These men wished to govern the country, and rob the poor, themselves ; but, not daring to tell these wishes of their own,

they set about persuading the ignorant people that it would be a great benefit to all France, if the king were sent away, and all his family with him, and his palaces and riches divided among the poor. For they thought that if the king were away, they should easily cheat the people, and keep his property to themselves.

The king knew what these wicked persons were trying to do; and he might easily have seized them, and put them in prison, for their crimes; but his temper was so mild and gentle, and his hatred of shedding the blood even of criminals so great, that he remained in his palace without taking any step towards punishing them, until they had had time to draw over most of his own soldiers to their sinful schemes; so that, when he did at last endeavour to de-

fend himself against his enemies, these were found to be more in number, or at least more active and bold, than his friends. A few faithful guards, who had remained with their master, were murdered in the lobbies and staircases of the palace, by the mob of Paris; and when those brave guardsmen were dead, there was nothing to hinder the furious mob from doing whatever they pleased with their king. They rushed with swords and pistols into his room, and carried him, and his wife, and his daughter, and the little prince, his son, to an old tower in Paris, called the Temple, and locked them up in separate cells, and allowed them nothing that was wholesome either to eat or drink, and kept even their clothes and linen from them; so that they, who had always been accustomed to live in a

fine palace, with every comfort, and troops of servants, were now alone, and surrounded with filth, and clothed in rags, and their friends would scarcely have known them again, had any of theirs friend been permitted to visit them in their distress.

CHAP. II.

Murder of King Louis, the Queen, and the Prince.

THE queen's father was, as you may believe, very angry, when he heard how the French were treating his daughter and her husband and children ; and so were almost all the other princes of Europe, — for there was not one of them but knew what a good man Louis the Sixteenth was, and how little he deserved to be imprisoned by his subjects. Several of these princes resolved to make war upon the French, and force them to restore the king to his throne, or, at least, to his liberty. But the cunning men who now commanded the French

told the people that no foreign princes had any right to make war on them for doing what they pleased with their own king; and this stirred up their pride; and war was proclaimed, and battles were fought; and at last the people hated King Louis, because they thought he wished them to be beaten, and their enemies to conquer and kill them.

The wicked rulers took advantage of this moment, when the people's minds were furious against the king. They dragged him from his prison, and pretended to try him as a criminal, though they very well knew he was one of the most harmless of men; and, having every thing their own way, they proclaimed him *guilty*, and sentenced him to be beheaded. He was sent back to the Temple, and suffered to take farewell of his wife and children. Remem-

bering that all his ancestors had been kings, and trusting that God, who permitted him to be afflicted in this world, would reward him in the world to come, Louis behaved himself as it became a brave and noble gentleman to do. He comforted, as well as he could, his poor wife and children, telling them, that when he was dead, the people would have no pretext for keeping them longer in jail, and would send them in safety to the queen's native country. He told his son that some time or other the French would certainly repent of their wickedness, and bring him back and restore him to the throne ; and one of the last things he said was, that if that happened, the young prince must forgive the people, who had been led astray by bad rulers, and take no revenge for his father's death.

The queen and the children wept until they were unable to say any thing in answer to Louis; and while they were all weeping and sobbing, the soldiers entered, and dragged the king out into the street, and made him get into an open coach, and drove him through the city, until they came to a large square, just in front of his own palace. Being afraid that the people, when they saw the good king led out in chains, like some robber or murderer, might suddenly remember his kind and charitable actions, and deliver him, the wicked rulers had taken care to line the streets with soldiers in whom they could trust. They would not let the unarmed people get near the scaffold on which he was to die; nay, they were so afraid even of their own soldiers, that when the king mounted the scaffold,

fold and began to speak to those that were round it, they ordered drums and fifes to play, and quite drowned his voice. He preserved himself unmoved in spite of their insults, gave them his forgiveness and his blessing, and knelt calmly in the midst of them to receive his death. His neck was placed on the lower part of an engine, which the French in those times had invented, and which they called a *guillotine* * : right over his neck a great axe hung, like the sash of an opened window, ready to be let loose by the touching of a spring : the executioner, who wore a mask, that no one might know him again, laid his hand on the spring ; the

* It was so called from the name of its inventor, one Guillot a surgeon ; and, strange to say, Guillot himself was the very first man who suffered death by the guillotine.

axe dropped ; and the king's head was in an instant cut from his body.

One would have thought that this murder would have satisfied even the monsters who were guilty of it. But far from this, it seemed only to make them the more hardened in cruelty. Shortly after they treated the lovely queen just as they had treated her husband : though they were men, they had no pity either on her beauty or her tears, and they took away her life also, in the same place, and in the same manner. Her grief for what had been done to the king was so great, that her own sufferings could not much increase it. She followed his example in every thing, and died as patiently and bravely as her husband had done.

They were still more cruel to the prince their son, than to his parents ;

for they did not bring him out of prison, and cut off his head at once, but confined him week after week, and month after month, in a dismal dungeon, allowing nobody to come near him but one hard-hearted savage man, a cobbler by trade, who had orders to make him as miserable as he could. The poor little boy was whipped, and half starved ; the windows were kept shut, that he might have no light ; and as they never cleaned either himself or the dungeon, the air of that narrow damp place came at last to be so filthy, that to breathe it was as bad as to take poison, and he fell sick, and died there. He was a very good, patient little boy ; and even if his father and mother had been ever so bad, to treat an innocent child in such a way as this, would have been more like devils than men.

CHAP. III.

French Emigrants. — War with France.

THE French are in general well-bred people, and kind in their behaviour, and it really seems as if, at this time, their nature had been changed. They now went on from cruelty to cruelty, as if they had been tigers, mad for the delight of shedding blood. Every day they hanged and beheaded many dozens of innocent persons; high and low, rich and poor, men, women, and even children — none were safe; for their wicked rulers told them, that there would be no peace or safety for France, until all the friends of the royal family were dead. But what above all their other actions looks like madness, when

one thinks of it, was their conduct towards God himself. These mad and wicked men made a law that there should be no churches nor clergymen in France: nay, they actually made a law declaring that there is no God. They shut up all their fine old churches, and turned them into stables or shops: they murdered many of the clergymen, and the rest made their escape into foreign countries, where, but for the kindness of strangers, these good men must have died of cold and hunger. Many thousands of ladies and gentlemen, who had loved the king, thought themselves lucky in being able to escape in the same manner. This country received many of these persons, whom they called the French Emigrants; and our nobility and gentry gave them houses, and food, and clothes. Others

supported themselves by their own labour ; and these were the best. Some who had been great lords in their own country became tradesmen and shopkeepers here ; and one of the royal family of France, a very near relation of the poor king, by name DUKE OF ORLEANS, had the spirit to make himself a schoolmaster *, and so lived for many years, without costing a penny to any body, in America. King Louis's two brothers had made their escape from France some time before he was murdered, and after wandering several years in other countries, they came to England. KING GEORGE was very kind to them : he gave them one of his own palaces to live in, and took care that

* This Duke of Orleans is now the " King of the French." 1832.

they should want for nothing that was suitable to the condition of such unfortunate princes. King Louis's daughter, too, after many sufferings, contrived to escape from the Temple, and she also came over to England, and lived here with her uncles.

The war went on for some time before we took any part in it: but the French rulers at last did things which made it almost impossible for us to remain in peace. For, not content with having killed their own king, and his wife and son, they began to proclaim, in every quarter of the world, that there ought to be no kings — and to stir up the bad men of every other country to follow their example, and kill the kings, and banish the noblemen and gentlemen, and shut up the churches; and, in short, do every kind of wickedness

and injustice that they pleased. So England too was at length obliged to go to war with France, rather than let the French beat other nations one by one, and come at last to beat us, and dethrone King George, which it was plain enough they would try to do whenever they could.

CHAP. IV.


Sea Battles. — Nelson. — Trafalgar.

THE French are a very brave and war-like nation, and they had great success in their battles against the nations who first declared war against them. But all these battles were land battles; and for a long time the people of England had enough to do with fighting the French at sea.

We beat them in many, many sea-fights; but at last they were determined to make one terrible effort against us, and they persuaded another powerful nation, the Spaniards, to take their side; and these two nations, the French and Spaniards, put together, were able to collect a very great fleet

indeed, and flattered themselves that they should beat the English fleet; and thought, if that were once done, it would be quite easy to land a mighty army in England, and so beat us altogether, and dethrone our king, and make this country a servant to France.

But they were mistaken about all this: their fleet was indeed more numerous than ours, but our officers and men were far more skilful and better sailors than theirs; and, above all, it pleased God that England had, at that time, an Admiral who was worth all the admirals that ever France and Spain had possessed: and King George gave the command of his fleet to this great man; and then there was no danger of our success. His name was HORATIO NELSON, and his father was a poor country clergyman, so that he



owed his greatness to nothing but his merit. When he was a very little boy he once did some very bold thing, and his mother asked him "If he had no fear?" and the child did not know what she meant when she said this, and answered, thinking fear was the name of some gentleman he had never seen, "Fear! Who is he? I don't know Mr. Fear."

This bold spirit continued with him, and he made his courage to be seen by every body that served along with him; and he was a very diligent student besides, and made himself master of all the skill and knowledge that can be of use to a sailor; and, by degrees his name was known to every body both in France and England; and we used, as I can well remember, to think that if NELSON were in our fleet, we

might be sure of gaining the victory; and they were so much afraid of his name, that if they but heard he was in one of our ships, scarcely any thing could tempt them to come out of their harbours and run the risk of a battle.

I once saw Admiral Nelson — or, as I should say, Lord Nelson, for the king had made him a lord, in reward of his services, some time before that. It was near Charing Cross, and he was going to the Admiralty, where, no doubt, he had business enough. There was nothing particular about his appearance, except that he had only one eye and one arm, having lost the others in the course of his battles. He was a little, pale, thin man, very plainly dressed; and in spite of his dangling sleeve and the great black patch over one side of his face, I should not, pro-

bably, have remarked him, had it not been that I saw all the people with their hats off, and bowing to him as he passed down the street. So I asked somebody what it meant; and he started at my ignorance, though I was at the time but a boy, and said, "Is it possible you don't know Lord Nelson when you see him?" and you may be sure I took off my hat like the rest.



The French and Spaniards were very confident that nothing could stand against their great combined fleet, until they understood that the king of England had given the command of his ships to Lord Nelson; and then they began to be rather afraid; and, though their ships were many more than ours, they set every sail, and did all they could to escape. Nelson chased them a long time, and at last they saw it was impossible to avoid a battle; but they took care to be quite near the Spanish coast, that they might have the help of the guns of the Spanish castles, and be able, if it came to the worst, to run their ships ashore, and so prevent themselves from falling altogether into the admiral's hands.

But Nelson was too much for the French and Spaniards. Though his

ships were fewer and smaller than theirs, he attacked them boldly, running his own ship between two of the biggest of theirs, and so fighting both at once, by way of example to the rest of his fleet. At the moment when the battle began, he hoisted a signal, which every sailor in the fleet could read; it bore these words, "England expects every man to do his duty;" and all the sailors that read it resolved to do theirs. The French and Spaniards fought bravely, but the English still better. Our admiral wore three stars on his coat that day, and the French noticed the stars, and, suspecting it was some great man, set all their sharpshooters to mark at him; and just when the victory was beginning to be certain, Lord Nelson was shot in the left breast, very near the heart. He

knew at once that the wound was mortal, and went down to his cabin as quickly as he could, that the sailors might not see what had happened to him, lest perhaps they might be too much discouraged by the loss of their admiral. He lived for some time, and had the pleasure to hear that the French and Spaniards were quite beaten, and the far greater part of their ships taken. On hearing this he sat up smiling in his bed, and calling to him the brave officer, by name Sir Thomas Hardy, who had told the good news, said, "Kiss me, Hardy," and Captain Hardy kissed him, and he died.


This battle was fought at a place called Trafalgar; it was, perhaps, the greatest sea-battle that ever was fought in the world : for the fleet of the French

and Spaniards was utterly ruined, much more than half the ships taken, and the rest shot through and through in a hundred places, so as to be quite useless. In fact, so terrible was the defeat, that from that day to this (and it is now two-and-twenty years ago) there has never been the least notion any where that it was possible to meet the English fleet in battle without being beaten. From that time the sea has been almost as much a part of our king's dominion as England itself: and yet so great was the fame of Nelson, that at the time when this mighty victory was first heard of here, and even for years afterwards, it was quite common to hear people say in company, that they doubted whether we had not lost more by the death of Nelson, than we had gained by the battle of TRAFALGAR.

But next year, or the year after, you will, I hope, be better able to understand all about Lord Nelson and his victories ; and if so, I will give you for your Christmas box, a complete History of Nelson, in one little volume, written by a gentleman whom you have seen, Mr. SOUTHEY ; and one of the most charming books it is, I promise you, that either boy or man can read.

They brought his body home, and buried it in St. Paul's : but I was not in London at the time, and did not see the funeral. It was very grand. All the flags of the French and Spanish ships were carried in procession by brave sailors who had been in the battle. The people shut their shops ; and though the sight was very beautiful, there was nothing but sorrow and lamentation among old and young.

He lies in the middle of the Cathedral ; and when you next go to visit Mrs. — she will, if you ask her, let you see the very stone that is above him. It is a great honour to be buried in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey ; for the vaults below both of these churches are filled with the dust of great kings, and warriors, and statesmen, and poets ; yet there is not a poor little boy in England but may hope to have a grave among them when he dies, provided he works hard and serves his country well.



CHAP. V.

The French victorious by Land. — Napoleon Buonaparte.

THE battle of Trafalgar completely humbled the French at sea, but by land they had still the better of all their enemies.


The French, long before Nelson died, had found out that the wicked persons who made them kill King Louis, were ignorant and stupid, as well as wicked, and quite unfit to govern so great a nation; and a man very different from those, one of the cleverest men that ever appeared in the world, had got possession of all the power that ever any French king had had, and more.



THIS was **NAPoleon BUONAPARTE**, a native of a small island near the coast of France, called Corsica ; he was as great a soldier as Nelson was a sailor. When the French made war upon other nations, and fought great battles, and won great victories, it was a very likely thing that some great general should arise among them, and persuade his soldiers to make him king, rather than

continue to be governed by people in plain coats, who lived in peace and safety at Paris, all the time they were fighting. Buonaparte was too clever a man not to see what fine things he might come to, if he could gain the favour of the soldiers. And he did gain it—and the French army were willing to do any thing he pleased to command; and by their help Buonaparte obtained the crown: but he chose to call himself not the king of France, as the old princes of the country had done, but the Emperor.

Buonaparte had had no share in the murder of King Louis, or Queen Marie Antoinette, or the poor little prince; and if, after he came to be emperor, he had been willing to behave himself in a peaceful manner, the kings of Europe would have been contented to let the



French people have him for their sovereign; and so there would have been an end of this terrible war. But Buonaparte had by this time won so many battles, that he fancied there was no army in the world that he could not beat: and this fancy made him insolent beyond all human patience; and it seemed that there were no bounds to his ambition. Every year he made some new war, and conquered some new country: he put down lawful kings, and set up new ones of his own, who were in fact only his servants; and it was at last plain enough that nothing would serve the emperor of France, but to be emperor of the whole world: and, indeed, it seems very likely that he might have become emperor of all the continent of Europe at least, but for the battle of Trafalgar: for that battle

deprived Buonaparte of all his ships; and the king of England, now that there was no fleet but his own, had time to think of raising a great army, and landing it somewhere on the Continent, to fight Buonaparte by land.

Buonaparte had about this time beaten two or three kings so completely, that they were obliged to give up for the present all notions of contending with him. As many soldiers of theirs as Buonaparte had not killed, were now obliged not only not to fight against Buonaparte, but to help his army, whenever he asked this of these poor humbled kings. In fact, there was hardly such a thing as a real king on the Continent besides himself; the rest were only called kings, but he had all the power. He treated other kings as if they had been little better than his

footmen. You may be sure that high-born princes, when treated so shamefully, were very desirous of some opportunity to get rid of his insolence : but, for the present, they were compelled to submit to all that he pleased ; and no one can say how long they might have been obliged to continue his servants, had it not been for the excessive insolence of the man himself. He became so proud, that he looked on all the rest of mankind as dirt in comparison with him ; and, fancying himself a sort of God upon earth, though he was much more like a devil, he thought that there should be no law for him. Whatever he wished to be, that, as he thought, ought to be ; and whoever blamed any thing that he did, deserved every kind of misery, and death itself.

When his pride had reached this

height, he was like a man drunk or mad; and he soon did things so shocking, that he was hated not only by all the nations he had conquered, but even by many of the French, who had formerly been so delighted with his great victories, and quite proud to think that they had so glorious a conqueror for their emperor.

CHAP. VI.

Murder of the Duke D'Enghien — Divorce of Josephine.

I SHALL mention a few of these horrid actions of Buonaparte's. First of all, he happened to hear that a very good young prince, a cousin of the murdered King Louis, was living not far from France; and though this prince had done him no harm, and though he was living in the country of another sovereign, who had a right to have any body in his country that he liked, Buonaparte determined to send soldiers in the night, and break into the house where the young prince slept, and seize him, and carry him into France. The soldiers did as they were bid. They



brought the prince to a castle near Paris; and next night, at twelve o'clock, he was carried down into the ditch of this castle. It was a very dark night: they tied a lantern on his breast, and made him stand a few yards from six soldiers, who had their guns ready loaded. They then told him that he was to be shot immediately; and he perceived that they had put the lantern on his breast, that the light of the candle in the lantern might serve for a mark to the soldiers. They then offered to cover his eyes with a handkerchief; but this noble prince was not afraid to look at the men who were ready to shoot him, and he refused to have his eyes bound. The word was given: he fell dead:—a grave had been dug in the ditch beforehand; and here they buried him, just as he fell. This horrid

murder made all good men think, that God would not permit Buonaparte to have much more prosperity in the world. Even the French people (most of whom had by this time grown sorry for the murder of King Louis) were shocked beyond measure when they heard of this new cruelty. The murdered prince's name was the DUKE OF ENGHIEU.

Another very bad action was this : his wife, JOSEPHINE, was a very good-natured woman, very fond of him, and much liked by every body that knew her. She had done a great deal for him in his early days, when he was no more than a poor officer in the army : but now that he was so mighty an emperor, he began to think she was not worthy to continue to be his wife. He quite forgot all her love for him, and all the kindness she had done him in

former times; and the proud and cruel man put her away out of his house, and married, in her stead, the daughter of one of the great sovereigns whom he had conquered. All the French women were full of pity for the poor Empress whom Buonaparte treated so cruelly; and told their husbands and sons, that it was a shame for France to have such a heartless and ungrateful man for emperor.

CHAP. VII.

Treacherous Invasion of Spain and Portugal.

A THIRD very bad thing he did was this: He invited his friend, FERDINAND OF SPAIN, to come and pay him a visit in France; and that prince went, expecting to have great pleasure for a few weeks in France, — fine dinners, and balls, and hunting parties, — and then return to his own kingdom. But one day after dinner Buonaparte made soldiers come into the dining-room and seize the king of Spain, and drag him away to a prison. No gentleman ever did such a thing to his friend or guest; and every one cried shame on Buonaparte. But it was soon seen for what purpose he had practised this artful

cruelty. He marched his own army suddenly into Spain; and before the Spaniards, who thought he was a great friend of their own king, had recovered from their surprise, took possession of many of their cities and castles; and began to act as if the whole country belonged to himself. His army was so large, that the Spaniards did not at first dare to oppose him: and he took his brother Joseph, a person whom none of the people of Spain had ever heard of in their lives, and put the crown of Spain on Joseph's head, and proclaimed this stranger king in place of Ferdinand, whom he had so shamefully deceived and imprisoned. He left great numbers of French soldiers with Joseph, and went back to Paris, thinking he had made himself master of another fine kingdom in a very clever manner.

But, when the story came to be known, all mankind were disgusted with his treachery and lying : and the Spaniards, who are a proud nation, and hate foreigners, were determined to rid themselves of Joseph Buonaparte, if ever they should find an opportunity.

Close to Spain there is a smaller kingdom called Portugal : and when Buonaparte had made his brother king of Spain, his next plan was to march an army into Portugal too, and make another of his own friends king of that country. The KING OF PORTUGAL was so alarmed when he heard that a great emperor like Buonaparte was coming to invade his little kingdom, that he lost all courage, and left Portugal, with all his family, and sailed away to another kingdom that he had beyond seas in America. The king of Portugal had

never done the least harm to Buonaparte: and therefore it was looked upon as a piece of vile cruelty and injustice, to drive him away from his country in this manner.

But the Portuguese people did not lose courage like their poor king. They rose up against Buonaparte's armies, and killed thousands of his soldiers, and sent letters to the king of England, begging him to give them a British army to help them.

The Spaniards, too, being more and more enraged against Buonaparte and his brother Joseph, began to think of arming themselves, and fighting the French soldiers that were scattered all over their country, robbing and plundering it, and oppressing the people. And they also sent letters to the king of England, requesting his assistance.

They told him that Buonaparte had deceived them with his lies, or they would never have consented to fight against Nelson at Trafalgar ; that they were very sorry for having had a share in that battle, and for Lord Nelson's death ; and that they hoped he would forgive them for what they had done, and send some English regiments into Spain, to teach their army the best way of fighting, and help them to drive out the French.

Our King, as I said before, was about this time laying plans for sending a great English army to fight Buonaparte's army somewhere ; and when his majesty read these letters, he immediately determined upon sending troops to help the Portuguese and the Spaniards.

CHAP. VIII.

The Peninsular War. — Duke of Wellington.

THE English troops went accordingly to Spain and Portugal, and began to help the people of those countries to fight Buonaparte's troops. Spain and Portugal lie close together, and the sea surrounds them on all sides but one; for which reason the two countries together are called the *Peninsula*. Peninsula is a Latin word, meaning *almost island*. I mention this because the war that now broke out in this part of the world is commonly called the War of the Peninsula, or the PENINSULAR WAR. It was one of the most glorious of wars for us, and one of the most disastrous for our enemies.

Indeed, but for the victories we won in the Peninsula, it is very likely that the power of the Buonaparte family might have remained with them to this day.

The KING OF ENGLAND, who had been so very fortunate in finding, among his sailors, so great a sea-commander as Nelson, had now the good fortune to discover a General of equal merit among his soldiers. This great man was then called SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY : but the victories he won in the Peninsula were so many, and so glorious, that the king made him first a lord, and then an earl, and then a marquess, and last of all a duke ; which is the highest honour it is in the power of the king of England to confer on any of his subjects. You perhaps never heard of Sir Arthur Wellesley ;

but I am sure you have often heard of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. That is the title which Sir Arthur now bears ; and his son is called the marquess of Douro — after the name of the river Douro, on the banks of which river the Duke, his father, fought one of his greatest battles against the French. So that you see a great man won honours, not only for himself, but for his children.

Had it not been for the British soldiers and the Duke of Wellington, the Spaniards and Portuguese would never have been able to clear their country of Buonaparte's troops : for the French were more used to war than they, and had far more skilful officers to command them. But when our army took the field, the Frenchmen soon found that they had more serious work on

their hands. Buonaparte sent one great general of his after another into the Peninsula ; and he sent new armies with them. But whenever a French army came within reach of the Duke of Wellington, he gave them battle ; and in every battle the French were beat. And the French themselves began to be convinced, much to their grief and dismay, that our soldiers were, at least, as brave as theirs ; and that our general had more skill in war than any general in the world, except Napoleon Buonaparte : For no one could as yet say what might happen if Wellington and Napoleon were opposed to each other in battle ; and, even after the Duke had beat the very best of their other French generals, the people of France were still willing to comfort themselves with believing, that as soon as the

great emperor. himself made his appearance, he would beat the English easily, and drive them, and the Duke of Wellington at their head, into the sea.

CHAP. IX.

Expedition to Russia.—Battle of Moskwa.

HAD not Buonaparte been so maddened with pride and self-conceit, he would have gone into the Peninsula, and tried his own luck at this time against the Duke: but nothing could make him believe that the English soldiers were so good as they really were; and as for thinking that Wellington, or any other man in the world, could be as great a general as himself, that was a notion that never for one moment entered his head. He merely sent another of his generals, and another army, with strict orders to drive the English into the sea; and, troubling himself no farther about the Peninsula,

went away to a very distant country, where he had stirred up quite another war by that spirit of injustice and oppression which was by this time a second nature to him. For any man that, by little and little, accustoms himself to do evil, will at last find his nature changed altogether, and not be able to enjoy any thing but wickedness : And so it was with Buonaparte.

This new war was against ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, a very powerful sovereign, whose country lies many, many hundreds of miles away from France. Russia is an immense empire ; the people, though wild and barbarous, are fond of their country and their Emperor ; and the soldiers are exceedingly brave men, and will stand still to be killed, rather than dream of saving their lives by running

away from any enemy. Their country is in the north of Europe; and in winter the weather is much colder than it ever is here — so cold that the people are obliged to wrap themselves in furs, and to have double casements in all their windows, else the severity of the frost would nip off their toes, fingers, and noses.

Buonaparte put himself at the head of, perhaps, the greatest army the world ever saw, and marched into Russia. The Russians laid their country waste wherever they thought he would come. They burnt houses and corn, and every thing that could be of use to him; for they knew that he must be much at a loss how to feed so great an army at such a distance from home; and thought, if his soldiers began to fear being starved and frozen they would get weary of

this unjust war, and go back to France, and leave Russia in peace again.

But on he marched: and at last a great battle was fought at a place called Moskwa, — and neither party could say they had beaten the other. On both sides the loss was terrible. The men that were killed at Moskwa would have made a very great army of themselves.

When Buonaparte awoke next morning, he expected to find the Russians ready for another battle equally terrible; but their general had formed quite a different plan; his army had marched far away during the night; and Buonaparte began to think that after all the Russians had been beat, and that their emperor would soon come and make peace with him, and submit to be one of his servant-kings.

He marched on, and nobody opposed

him. At last he saw the towers and steeples of Moscow, which is the oldest and largest city in all Russia, and high over all the steeples a great castle, called the Kremlin, in which the old princes of Russia used to live. The day was fine; the sun shone bright upon all the gilded towers and steeples; and Buonaparte began to think that he had half conquered the country already: so he resolved to attack the city, take it, and live there all the winter in comfort, with all his soldiers about him; and, when the spring came, march on, and beat the Russians again, and so do with them and their emperor whatever he pleased.

But he met with a great surprise when he drew near to Moscow; for, behold, the Russians had all left the city, and gone away into the woods with their wives, and children, and

cattle, and whatever valuable things they could carry with them. Nobody remained in the town but a few half naked creatures, thieves, and beggars, and villains of all kinds that had been let loose out of the jails.

Buonaparte could not understand what this meant; but he entered the city, and took possession of the palace in the Kremlin; and his army lodged themselves in the best houses of the town. The soldiers opened the cellars and larders, and found plenty of meat and wine, and feasted and rejoiced. The poorest drummer dressed himself in some Russian gentleman's fine clothes; and they were all as happy as possible, and never doubted that they were to remain there all the winter, doing nothing but eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves.

CHAP. X.

Burning of Moscow.

BUT when Buonaparte and his soldiers went to bed that night, the Russian emperor sent trusty people secretly into the city, and they set fire to the houses in every street, and then ran away again. This was a plan prepared before, though Buonaparte had suspected nothing of it. They had put gunpowder, and oil, and other inflammable things, in the cellars of every house; and when they had set fire to a few cellars, here and there, the flames spread from house to house, and, the wind being high, from street to street, so fiercely, that it was quite impossible to stop them. The whole town was on fire at once: the

French soldiers, all of them weary, and many of them drunk, could not at first guess what it was that disturbed them in their sleep. But every thing grew hotter and hotter, and the smoke began to be so thick that they could scarcely see one another's faces; and at last they knew what had happened, and ran out of the burning city, for fear they should all be burnt to death along with it.

You may easily suppose that when Buonaparte looked down from the Kremlin, and saw the whole of that great city in flames beneath him, and his soldiers running away to the open fields, to be out of the reach of the fire, he felt more grief and rage than he had ever done in all his life before. But there was no help: the fire was now beginning to reach the Kremlin itself;

and he was obliged to get on his horse and ride after his soldiers. The houses on both sides of the streets were all in a blaze, and the flames from the two sides met in the middle of the streets, so that he had to gallop for his life under one great arch of fire. It was a very windy night: the wind blew the sparks about like fiery showers; and the very roaring of the wind and the flames was enough to make the boldest man shake when he heard it.

It must have been a very sad thing for the Emperor Alexander to burn this fine old city; but, by destroying it, he saved all the rest of his empire: so it was the very best and wisest thing he could have done. Immediately after the winter set in; and, as if God had determined that all things should combine to ruin so unjust a tyrant as

Buonaparte, the frost was more bitter that year, and the snow deeper, than is common even in that climate. The proud emperor of France now saw that unless he wished his whole army to die of cold and hunger, there was nothing for it but to leave Russia as quickly as possible. And he gave orders, and they all began to march back again towards France.

CHAP. XI.

Flight from Moscow.

BUONAPARTE'S soldiers, being natives of countries even warmer than England, suffered miserably from the Russian frost and snow. Whole ranks of men were frozen to death by night. They killed their horses, merely that they might tear them open, and cover themselves from the cold by creeping into them, and drinking their blood while it was warm. One night there was only one little cottage where they halted: Buonaparte went into it with some of his generals, while the soldiers lay on the snow without; but he did nothing but roll himself on the mud floor, and curse his ill fortune. If he

had cursed his wicked ambition, there would have been more reason in his behaviour.

No Russian army appeared by day as they were marching ; but every night whole troops of wild horsemen, with long beards, and very long spears, called *the Cossacks*, were sure to be near them. These wild soldiers killed thousands of the French ; but the frost and snow killed many more. At last they came to a great river, called the Beresina, and, while they were passing the narrow bridge over it, the Cossacks attacked them ; and the French rushed in crowds to the bridge with horses, and waggons, and cannon ; and the bridge broke down ; and thousands and thousands of Buonaparte's bravest soldiers were drowned in the river ; and so many more were killed by the

Cossacks, that when Buonaparte found how the matter stood, he was sensible there was no longer any hope of saving his army. It was plain that, what with cold, hunger, the Cossacks, and the numerous bad bridges on the way, his shivering and dispirited soldiers would never be able to get out of the scrape into which his mad ambition had led them.

Napoleon took about six hundred thousand soldiers with him into Russia; and of all these but a very few ever saw their own homes again. The wayside was strewn with men and horses, frozen to death, or killed by the Cossacks. Of the few that in the end reached France, the greater part had lost either their toes, or their fingers, in the frost.

In such a great misery as this a truly noble general would never have

thought of quitting his army merely to save himself: yet Buonaparte did so. One night he got himself well wrapped up in furs, and stepped into a carriage, and drove off for Paris as fast as horses could carry him, without giving himself any more concern about his poor soldiers. He excused himself, afterwards, by saying, that it was impossible to get carriages and horses for them all, and that it would have done them no good, to see him stay, and freeze to death along with them. But the truth is, that, by this time, Buonaparte never thought of any thing but himself. When he reached Paris, and found himself once more in his own fine palace, he threw himself into a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, and said, laughing—“ *Well, this is a great deal better than Moscow.*”

You may easily believe that this clever escape did not make Buonaparte better liked in France. People who saw how he had saved himself, while their sons and brothers were left to freeze to death, or be cut in pieces by the Cossacks, could not help detesting the person who had begun that unjust war.

CHAP. XII.

*Advance of Alexander and Wellington. —
Paris taken. — Buonaparte abdicates.*

To annoy Buonaparte still more, he received, at this time, letters from his officers in Spain, giving him very bad news of his affairs in that quarter. They told him, that, if he did not come himself, the Duke of Wellington would certainly drive all the French out of Spain in a few months. And he would have been very glad to go and fight Wellington; but he durst not: for now the Emperor Alexander was collecting all the Russian soldiers, and marching towards France, to chastise Buonaparte for the harm he had been the cause of in Russia; and two or three of the

kings, whom Buonaparte had conquered and oppressed and treated like footmen, were happy to have such an opportunity of revenge; and so they too began to recruit their regiments, and collect vast quantities of guns and swords; and the people of their kingdoms rose up, both rich and poor, to help the regular troops in fighting against the French. Every day some new friend and ally joined Alexander, as he marched on towards France. And Buonaparte was more afraid of Alexander than of Wellington, because the emperor's army was much larger than the Duke's; so he assembled all the French soldiers he could get, and marched once more from Paris to meet the Russians and their friends.

Buonaparte and his soldiers fought very bravely and skilfully against Alex-

ander and his armies. But at last they were beaten terribly, and obliged to retreat into France. And Alexander followed them into France, and came so near Paris, that the people of that great city were afraid their houses would soon be burnt or destroyed by the Cossacks, in revenge for the burning of Moscow.

And just at the same time, behold, the Duke of Wellington and his brave troops, having gained another great victory over Buonaparte's generals and soldiers, drove them out of Spain entirely; and the victorious English army marched into France. And when they had advanced a long way into the French country, they fought another great battle, and gained another very great victory there : so that Buonaparte did not know what to do, or what hand

to turn himself to. For on one side there was the Emperor Alexander, and on the other side there was the Duke of Wellington. And whenever either of the foreign armies met his soldiers, they beat the French miserably. At last the Emperor Alexander marched his troops into Paris itself, and took possession of the town. He might have burnt it all had he pleased ; but he did not the least harm, for he said there was no one to blame but Buonaparte.

But when the French people saw their country wasted in this way, and their principal city in their enemies' hands, and their sons and brothers killed every day in some new battle, they began to think it was folly to suffer such evils, when they could obtain peace and quiet at once, only by

sending away Buonaparte, and inviting the brother of Louis the Sixteenth to come out of England and be their king. And they sent letters to our king, and to the Emperor Alexander, and to the Duke of Wellington, requesting peace, and promising to dismiss Buonaparte.

When Buonaparte knew this, and saw that he could not continue to be Emperor of France any longer, he made as good a bargain as he could for himself. The sovereigns that were at war with him agreed to give him a small island, called Elba, where he might live as he pleased: the island was to be his own, and he was to be emperor of it; but all this was on condition that he should promise to remain very quiet there, and mind his own business, and do nothing to disturb the brother of Louis, after he had come out

of England and mounted the throne of France.

Buonaparte promised all this : and the king of England sent one of his own ships to carry Buonaparte in safety to Elba.

CHAP. XIII.

Rejoicings in England. — Restoration of the French Princes.

As soon as Buonaparte was gone, our king invited the brother of Louis to come and pay him a visit in Carlton House. He sent his own carriages and guards to bring the French prince to London, and received him as king of France with all sorts of honour. The French prince was most grateful to KING GEORGE; for he well knew that, but for the English army and navy, he could never have recovered the throne of France: so this meeting between our king and the new king of France was a very affecting one. I saw the king of England receiving his visiter at

the door of Carlton House, and the tears were running down the French king's cheeks, he was so full of joy and gratitude. And every body was full of joy to think that we were once more at peace with all the world, and that the unfortunate royal family of France were at last to be permitted to go back to their own country.

The Emperor Alexander, and the other sovereigns that had been engaged in the war against Buonaparte, came over to England at this time. And there were most splendid processions, and feasts, and rejoicings of all kinds, in honour of them. They were all very much astonished, as well as pleased, with the beautiful appearance of England, and the size and riches of London; for no foreign country is so finely cultivated as this, or has so many grand

gentlemen's houses in it; nor is there any city in the world to be compared with London.

Among the foreigners that came over with the allied princes on this occasion, there was one brave old general, with great mustaches, that was a particular favourite with the English. His name was GENERAL BLUCHER. He had been of great use in conquering Buonaparte, and every body had read or heard of his bold actions. He was a good-natured old gentleman, and the mob used to gather below the windows of the house where he lived, in St. James's Street, and call out, "Blucher, Blucher;" and then he used to come out on the balcony with his pipe in his mouth (for he was a great smoker of tobacco, as many old soldiers are), and stand there to let himself be seen. And

they cheered and huzzaed whenever he came out, so that one could hear the noise at Charing Cross. He had a very fine Newfoundland dog with him; and the dog too was a favourite; in fact he used to be called for, and come out to be cheered, like his master.

This old general was quite astonished when he saw the rich shops, and the carriages and horses, and all the wealth of London. They took him up to the top of St. Paul's one fine morning—and when the whole city lay under him, so that he could see fifty streets and squares at once, he could contain himself no longer, but cried out (very much like an old rough dragoon, who had been at the taking of many towns in his time), “Oh, my God! what a plunder!” The people laughed very much when they found that the old

general, whom they huzzaed from morning to evening, had been considering in his own mind what a fine thing it would be to have the rifling of their shops and plate chests. But Blucher was a fine old gentleman, and he said it merely in joke.

So the French took back their own king, and all the foreign armies marched out of France, and the Duke of Wellington and all his brave soldiers came home to England. And every body thought there were to be no more bloody battles in the world for a great while. There was nothing but joy and comfort from one end of Europe to the other.


CHAP. XIV.

Buonaparte returns from Elba. — War again.

AND so it would have continued to be, but for Buonaparte. Though he had been beaten so often, and at last dethroned and driven from France, he was as proud and as ambitious as ever. And instead of being contented with the island that had been given him (though it was much more than he deserved) he resolved to try his fortune in France again. He had still many friends there, especially among the soldiers; and he began to plot and contrive how to make the French soldiers rebel against their new king, and drive him back to England, and bring himself out of Elba to be emperor as before.

Buonaparte was one of the most cunning and sly, as well as one of the bravest, of men. And, wonderful to relate, he succeeded in these new plots. The French soldiers had been so long used to battles and plunder, that they were soon weary of their peaceful king and his government: and they invited Buonaparte to come over secretly, and promised that they would join him whenever he appeared, and dethrone King Louis.

Things were so cleverly managed, that King Louis knew nothing of such a plot until Buonaparte quitted his own island, and made his appearance in France with an army behind him. The French army all ran to meet Buonaparte, and conducted him in triumph to Paris. And Louis, seeing himself quite deserted by his soldiers, and



knowing that the French people, though they hated Buonaparte, could not protect him against the soldiers, was obliged to quit Paris once more, and save his life by escaping out of France. — Buonaparte entered Paris the same evening, and took possession of the royal palace again ; and it was plain that there must be another war — since who could put any trust in a man that had behaved so shamefully, and broken all the promises he had made, when the allied sovereigns gave him the island of Elba to himself, but the year before ?

War was, accordingly, proclaimed ; and Buonaparte, who was very anxious to wipe out of men's minds the recollection of the defeats he had sustained before he went to Elba, was rejoiced when he heard of it. He collected as

large and as fine an army as he had ever had before, and determined not to wait to be attacked in France, but to march at once, before his enemies would be prepared, and gain possession of some of their castles and cities.

The Emperor Alexander lost no time in calling his soldiers together again ; but his country lies so far off that Buonaparte gave himself little concern, for the present, about the Russians.

The enemies he was most afraid of were the king of Prussia, and the king of England. — Prussia was one of the countries he had most cruelly oppressed in the days of his former prosperity he knew that that nation hated him more than any other ; and as the country lies at no great distance from France, he was sure they would soo

be ready to give him battle. And as to England, he knew that our king was the only king in the world who had always refused to acknowledge him for emperor, or have any kind of treaty with him whatever. He knew that we had plenty of ships in our harbours; and guessed very rightly that King George would immediately send over the Duke of Wellington and his brave soldiers again, to help the Prussians in fighting the French.

And it happened exactly as he had guessed: but such was the pride and conceit of Buonaparte, that he thought it quite impossible for the English and Prussians to beat him, unless they had the Russians to assist them. His design, therefore, was to conquer the Duke of Wellington and the king of Prussia as soon as possible; and he

expected that the Russian Emperor, on hearing of their defeat, would give up the war rather than continue it alone.

CHAP. XV.

Battle of WATERLOO.

THE Duke of Wellington landed in the Netherlands, a kingdom lying between Prussia and France, that he might be ready to join the Prussians as soon as they marched out of their own country. The king of Prussia gave the command of his army to old Blucher; and Wellington and Blucher laid their plans, and placed their two armies near each other, in such a manner that Buonaparte could scarcely come out of France without being obliged to fight either the English, or the Prussians, or them both together.

But Buonaparte was cunning enough to get out of France without their

knowledge ; and this gave him, at first, a great advantage. For he fell suddenly on Blucher with a much larger army than the Prussian ; and Buonaparte beat Blucher, and drove him and his soldiers into the woods, before the Duke of Wellington could hear of the battle, and bring his English troops to assist their friends the Prussians.

Next morning Buonaparte got up in the highest spirits. He knew that Blucher and the Prussians had been obliged to march far into the woods, ere they were able to recover themselves from the beating he had given them : and he now determined to take advantage of their absence, and attack the English army, before Blucher could come back to help them. He knew that the Duke of Wellington's army was not near so large as his own ; and never

having been in presence of an English army before, and scorning to suppose for a moment that there could be any English general as skilful as himself, Buonaparte expected to beat the Duke of Wellington and the English, even more easily than he had beaten General Blucher and the Prussians.

But he was grievously mistaken. The Duke of Wellington drew up his army, in the best order, at a place called WATERLOO, and waited for Buonaparte. The French emperor led on his troops immediately; and now began the greatest battle that has been fought in the world for many hundreds of years: a battle which will be talked of, almost as much as it is now, many hundreds of years after you and I and all the people now alive, are dead and buried.

The battle began early in the morning: it had rained all night on the poor English soldiers, and they were at first very stiff and uneasy, on rising out of the damp clay and corn fields, where they had been obliged to sleep without any kind of covering over them. But the sun shone out in the morning; and, when they saw that the French were marching down to attack them, they soon forgot every thing in their impatience for the battle.

The Duke of Wellington knew very well that he had but a small number of good soldiers, compared to Buonaparte's: so he resolved not to march his troops forwards, at the beginning of the battle, but to keep them firm at their posts, ready to repel the French, whenever they should venture to attack. It requires more courage to

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stand fast and firm, on such occasions, than to rush on, furiously shouting and roaring: so that the Duke must have had wonderful confidence in his soldiers, or so wise a general would never have made this resolution.



His brave English gave him no cause to repent of his resolution. All day, till five in the evening they stood firm — as if they had been rooted in the ground

where the Duke had drawn them up. Buonaparte poured horse and foot against them, in such numbers, and with such fury, that any other army but this must have been broken through many times in the course of the day. But nothing could shake our troops. They waited silent and calm until the French came on; and then poured their fire among them with such steady aim, and charged them so boldly with their bayonets, that they were obliged to fly from them as if they had been a wall of iron, incapable of being broken or shaken by the utmost violence of man. Buonaparte stood on a hill with a spyglass in his hand—expecting every attack to succeed—and thunder-struck when he saw them fail, one after the other. But he still ordered his men to renew the charge; and they *obeyed him bravely*; and from morn-

ing till evening there was nothing but one such charge after another, until at length vast numbers of soldiers on both sides were killed, and the whole field of Waterloo was covered with the dead and the dying, and red all over with the blood of men and horses.

On both sides thousands of brave men had fallen; but there was this difference in the situation of the two armies—the French were weary with so much charging and retreating, and dispirited by the resistance they had met with: the English, on the other hand, had stood almost in the same places all day; their strength was unbroken; and, above all, they had been beating back the French at every charge, and were full of spirits and joy, and only anxious to be permitted to charge the French in their turn.

The Duke of Wellington saw that the proper moment was at last come. He took off his hat, and led his men forward. The French, when they saw the English advancing, and the Duke at their head, began to think it was high time to leave them the field to themselves. Buonaparte himself was one of the first that turned his horse's head towards France: A cry got up of "Save himself who can!" That great army broke and scattered in a moment. The English dragoons rode in among the flying Frenchmen, and slaughtered thousands of them. Throughout the whole war there had been no battle so obstinately contested; and there had been no victory to be compared with this victory of Waterloo.

It was very fortunate for us that our allies, the Prussians, had, at this time,



so brave and persevering a general as Blucher. That gallant old man, though he had been beaten himself so lately and had so much to do to restore his soldiers to order and confidence, no sooner heard that Buonaparte and Wellington were engaged, than he marched through the woods to Waterloo, in hopes that he might be in time to take a share in the battle. He had a long and difficult march, and he arrived just when the English were about to make their grand attack on the French.

This was of great service to Wellington, for his troops were so wearied with beating the French, that they could not have marched all night to pursue them, and complete their ruin. But Blucher's men, though they had marched all day, had had no fighting; so *they* were able to do what ours could

not have done. They followed the flying army so closely, and slew so many of them, that it was impossible for Buonaparte to halt a single regiment, or form any plan of stopping the advance of his enemies. His soldiers left their guns and swords on the highways, and dispersed themselves over the country in twos and threes. Buonaparte had no longer any army. He arrived in Paris quite alone; and was sensible that nothing could now occur to prevent the English and Prussians from bringing back King Louis, and restoring him, once more, to the throne of France.

He knew that the French nation wished to have Louis, and not him: and when the army was destroyed, his last hope was gone.

CHAP. XVI.

*Downfall and Death of Buonaparte. — The
Peace of 1815.*


BUONAPARTE did not stay long in Paris ; he collected as much money as he could, and travelled under a false name to the coast, with the design of making his escape to America. But he found the shores so well guarded by English ships, that there was no chance of succeeding in this : and, being afraid that King Louis would hear where he was, and seize him, and have him shot or hanged, he went on board one of our ships, and surrendered himself prisoner to the king of England.

The king behaved as kindly to him, in his distress, as a just regard for the

peace of mankind permitted. He sent him to a very distant island, called St. Helena, which is surrounded with rocks, and can only be approached at one place by ships. Here Buonaparte was lodged in a comfortable house, and supplied with friends and servants of his own choosing, and plenty of money; and he was at liberty to ride about the island, and spend his time in whatever manner he pleased.

He lived there for some time — but his violent temper could not submit to the loss of power and total change of condition. A true hero would have disdained to repine under such circumstances, and submitted to what he could not avoid. But Buonaparte, though a very great general, was a bad man; and no bad man can be a hero.

He died some years ago, in St.



Helena, of a disease to which the Buonaparte family are subject. His own father died of the very same disease, and at the same time of life.

Thus ended our great war with France. It is a very proud consideration for us, that the world owed the restoration of peace and order chiefly, under the providence of God, to the wisdom and resolution of our king and his parliament; the readiness with which this nation gave their money to defray the expenses of that long and terrible war; the unequalled courage of our soldiers and sailors; and the skill and genius of their commanders particularly LORD NELSON and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, in the year 1815, that is about six years before you were born. The king gave every soldier who was present, and did his duty, in that great battle, a silver medal, with His Majesty's likeness on one side of it, and the soldier's own name stamped on the edge. This medal is called the Waterloo medal. It is hung at the breast by a crimson ribbon, with a blue border. And when you see a man with such a medal at his breast, whether he is dressed in regimentals or plain clothes, you may be certain that he is a Waterloo-man. To make the honour the higher for the private soldiers, who fought bravely on that great

day, the medals of the common men are just the same as those of the officers. And though the Duke of Wellington himself has plenty of stars and crosses to wear, I dare say he is prouder of his plain Waterloo medal than of any other ornament in his possession.

THE END.

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